Meet the new Dr Who—see page 22!

TV COMIC

7p

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

Every Monday · Week ending 11th January, 1975 · Number 1204

TOM and JERRY

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Blow to page 2

So...
TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME. THINGS ARE GONNA GET REAL HOT FOR THAT RODENT.
CHESTNUTS, FRIEND...?
HOT CHEST
SURE - WITH A SHOVELFUL OF COKE NUTS, TOO!
CRASH
YOU'RE ABOUT TO SEE I'M RED HOT AT WREAKING REVENGE, READERS! HUR! HUR!
THERE'S NO DISGUISING THE FACT THAT JERRY WON'T KNOW ONE NUT FROM THE OTHER, UNTIL TOO LATE... EH?
HI, TOM CAT...
SNIFF! THOSE CHESTNUTS SURE SMELL NICE. I'LL BET THEY TASTE EVEN BETTER, TOM!
G-GULP! N-NO! I MEAN...
...IT MAY UPSET YOU!
NONSENSE, TOM! SLURP! I'LL HAVE THAT BIG ONE.
NEEEEAAAAGH!
I WAS RIGHT! BUTCH SURE SOUNDS UPSET NOW!
GRRRR! PLAY TRICKS ON ME, EH?
HERE'S WH-WHERE! G-GET HAULED OVER THE COALS!
TAKE THAT!
UNNNNGH!
EAAAAAGH!
LOOKS LIKE THAT COOKY CAT TOOK A ROASTING THAT TIME! CHUCKLE! SNIGGER!

'Training' on a railway track soon.

TV Terrors

Next week: autograph-hunting havoc.

CANNON
CANNON is investigating the latest stunt of Daze E. Ternal for Foundation Insurance. The stunt entails Ternal's successful flight over Sleepy River Canyon on a special rocket - propelled motorcycle. When Cannon finds two minute holes drilled in the machine's exhaust system he knows for sure that someone is trying to sabotage the stuntman's chances. But before he can take any action a slug on the head stops him. With the return of his spinning senses . . .
SO LONG, CANNON. ENJOY YOUR FLIGHT. PITY YOU DIDN'T TAKE OUT ANY INSURANCE!
SUDDENLY...
WHAT THE...? HURRY IT UP, YOU GUYS! SOMEONE'S COMING!
THE DISTRACTION GIVES CANNON THE ONE SLIM CHANCE HE NEEDS...
WATCH OUT!
TRY THAT FOR SIZE!
THE NEWCOMER MAKES A HIGH-SPEED ATTACK...
UHH!
THE MYSTERY RIDER PROVES TO BE DAZE E. TERNAL, HIMSELF...
SO IT'S YOU, CANNON! YOU OKAY?
I GUESS SO—THANKS TO YOUR TIMELY ARRIVAL.
THE HEAVY MOB KNOW WHEN THEY'RE BEATEN...
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
AND MINUTES LATER IN THE GARAGE OF TERNAL'S AMAZING ROCKET MOTORCYCLE...
WELL, WHAT IS IT YOU FOUND, CANNON?
DAZE E TERNAL
THAT'S FUNNY...
I TELL YOU SOMEONE HAD TAMPERED WITH YOUR EXHAUST SYSTEM!
IF THAT WERE TRUE, MISTER, HERBIE WOULD'VE KNOWN ALL ABOUT IT!
BOY, DOES CANNON LOOK A SUCKER!
WHO WERE THEY?
SOME GUYS WHO KNEW I'D FOUND OUT HOW YOU WERE TAKING OFF FOR A DEATH RIDE! COME ON, I'LL SHOW YOU!

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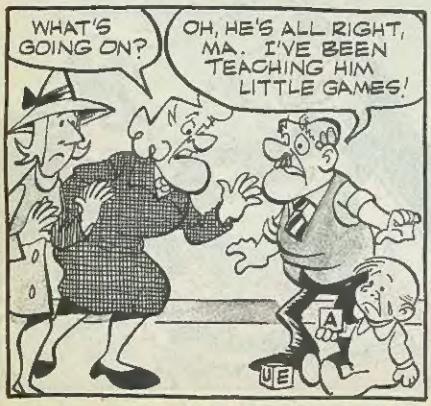
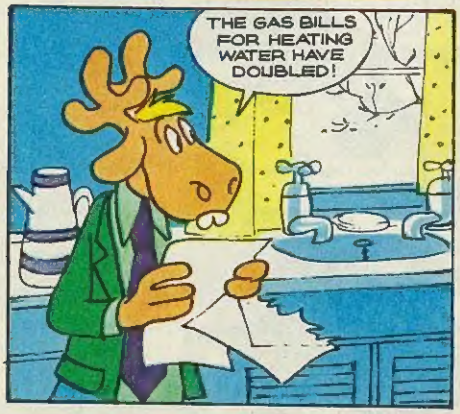
Double shocks for the detective soon.

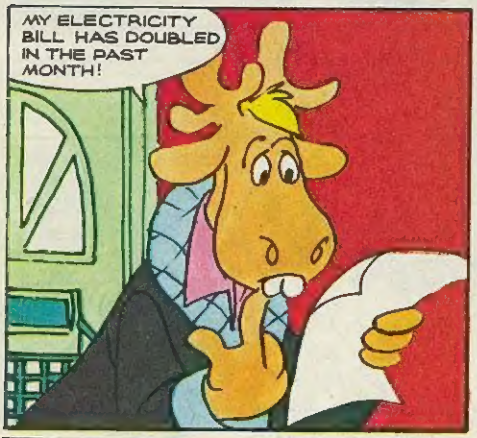
MIGHTY MOTH



More Mighty big laughs next week.

BARNEY BEAR





SO...
CHEER UP, BARNEY. YOU'LL SOON FEEL BETTER WITH SOME HOT SOUP INSIDE YOU!
MOOSE IS WRONG. I'LL FEEL AWFUL UNTIL I'VE MADE THINGS UP TO HIM. HE'S A REAL PAL.

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A snowball sell-out soon!

JOHNNY MORRIS'S ANIMAL MAGIC

LOOK, SEAGULL, IF YOU'RE HERE WHEN THOSE TIGERS COME OUT, YOU'LL GO IN ONE GULP.
A ONE GULP GULL? RUBBISH! I'M NOT SO GULLIBLE!
LOOK OUT, SEAGULL, HERE THEY COME!
PITY, THERE IS NOW A GULF BETWEEN THAT GULL AND MY GULP.

SHALL WE PADDLE FIRST OR RUSH RIGHT IN?
WELL, WE ARE RUSSIAN, SO WE SHOULD RUSH IN!
COME ON, YOU CAN'T ESCAPE THIS!
THIS IS GOING TO BE A VERY COLD COLDITZ STORY.
I'LL TAKE A PICTURE OF YOU!

WE MAKE A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE DOING THIS, YOU KNOW!
YES, I WONDER WHAT SORT OF PICTURE HE'LL MAKE OF US!
THIS PICTURE IS BOUND TO MAKE A BEAUTIFUL FRIEZE!
FREEZE A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW!
FREEZE A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW!

Meet the Marmosets next week!

DROOPY

BUTCH HAS A BETTER IDEA...
A PET, EH? YOU DON'T WANT A BORING OLD PUSSY! WHY NOT TAKE THIS JOB?
REPTILE KEEPER WANTED. APPLY WITHIN.
BOY! WHAT AN OPPORTUNITY!

ZOO
LIONS
FEEDIN' THE ANIMALS IS AGAINST THE RULES! YOU'RE A BLOOMIN' MENACE!
I DON'T THINK I WANT A PET AFTER ALL, BUTCH!
NEITHER DO I! YOU'RE STILL MY PET HATE!

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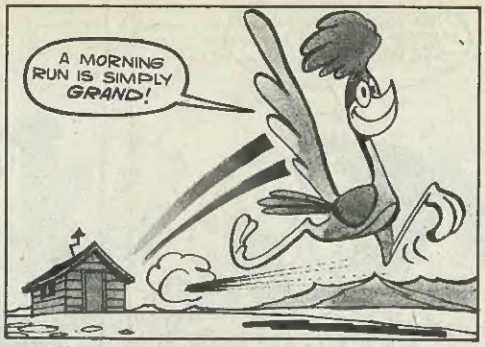
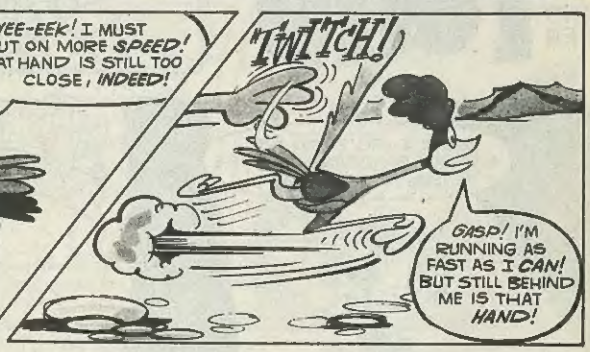
A golfing super-stroke soon!

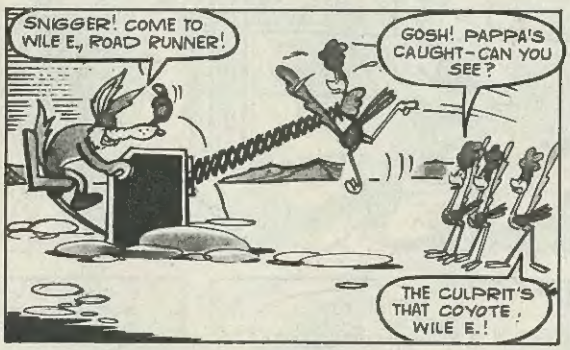
Nelly AND HER Telly

G-GULP! I HOPE I HAVE BETTER LUCK ON THE TIGHTROPE IN REAL LIFE! AT LEAST THERE AREN'T ANY HOLES IN MY SHOES!
GRR! I CAN WAIT! THEN NELLY'S FUR IT!

BEEP BEEP The Road Runner







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Another Road Runner riot next week.

Readers' Page

£1 for every item published on this page and £2 for the special Star Letter of the week. Send your entry to: TV Comic, Polly Perkins House, 382/386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.

I have just started to get TV Comic every week. I thought I would write to tell you how much I like reading it. My favourite stories are Droopy and Barney Bear. I have got a beautiful Shetland sheepdog called Skip. His favourite game is when I chase him around the house. His dad is called Jason and he is a champion.

David Whitaker, Bradford.

Who tidies up after you and Skip go on the rampage? I bet it's your poor Mum. Perhaps I'd better send her your prize?

STAR LETTER

My name is Paul Collier. I am eleven years old. My hobby is golf, I have only three clubs and I hope to get more. Every Saturday I go to the golf course and look for some golf balls. I have only eight balls. My Dad used to be a golfer and once, at the twelfth, he got a hole in one. I have two more hobbies; they are football and swimming. My favourite stories in TV Comic are Laurel and Hardy, Bugs Bunny and Droopy.

Paul Collier, Catford SE6.

Watch out Tony Jacklin and Peter Oosterhuis! I can see it won't be long before Paul Collier is King of St Andrews. That's if you don't decide to play football for Arsenal, of course!

Dear Editor

My name is Tracy Dazeley. I am nine years old. I have a dog called Sandy and a bird called Peter. I enjoy TV Comic. My hobby is dancing. I like Nelly and her Telly and Dr Who. My sisters like your TV Comic, too.

Tracy Dazeley, Brigend, Glam.

Tracy Dazeley, Brigend, Glam,
Is a TV Comic fan!
Tracy dances for delight,
When that Nelly comes in sight.
Tracy doubly shares her fun,
With her sisters, ev'ry one.
Tracy Dazeley, Brigend, Glam,
Thanks for writing, pleased, I am!

Dear Editor

We have a very cheeky dog called Barnie. When you are sitting down eating a biscuit or sweets, Barnie starts tapping you with his paw. When you put the food to your mouth Barnie knocks it away. He keeps doing this until you give him a piece of biscuit or a sweet.

Suzanne Stonley, Bebbington, Wirral, Merseyside.

He must be the fattest dog on Merseyside! What's the dentist going to say about his teeth next time he has to go?

Dear Editor

My name is Philip Wickwan. I am twelve years old. I have been reading TV Comic for a year. My hobbies are making models and drawing. I am still making a model which is a ship called HMS Belfast. I like Basil Brush and Dad's Army in TV Comic best.

Philip Wickwan, East Malling, Kent.

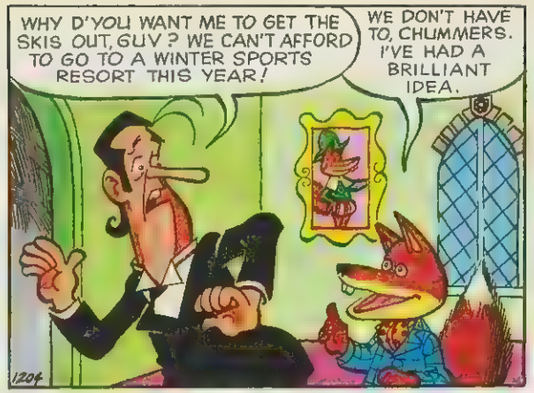
Looks as if you are ready and waiting for your postal order, Philip. A quick pedal around to the model shop for a new kit, eh?

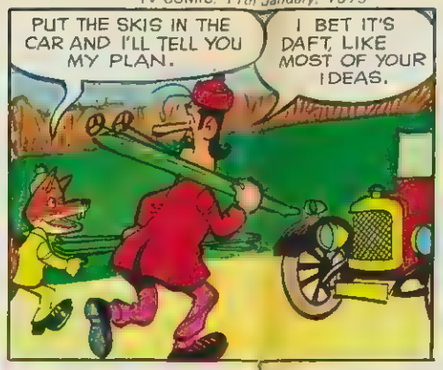
My name is Matthew Everitt. I am nine years old. My favourite stories in TV Comic are Tom and Jerry, Nelly and her Telly and Pink Panther. I would like to tell you about my hobby, it is creating war scenes with my toy soldiers. I have six sets of soldiers and I have made my own battlefield of model houses and concrete blocks. Soon I hope to make an airfield and I will then get some aeroplanes. My Mummy says my hobby keeps me quiet for hours.

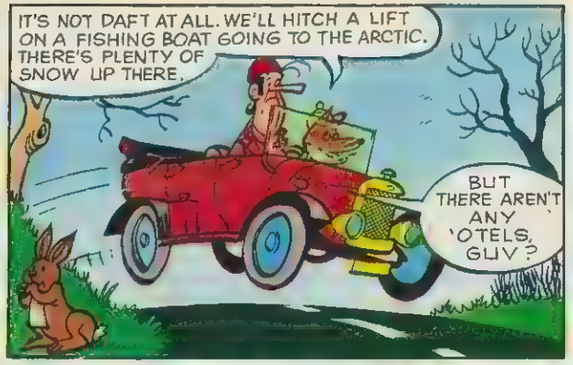
Matthew Everitt, Crowborough, Sussex.

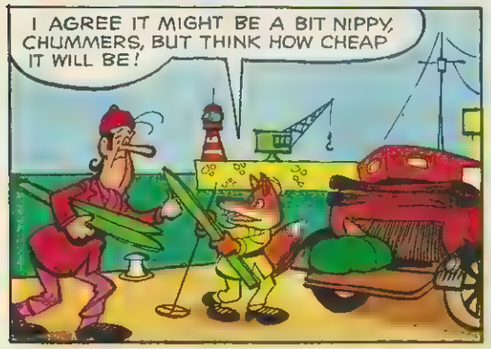
I always thought a battle was a rather noisy affair, Matthew? Anyway, you've had your letter published, so now you can afford to bring up some more reserves

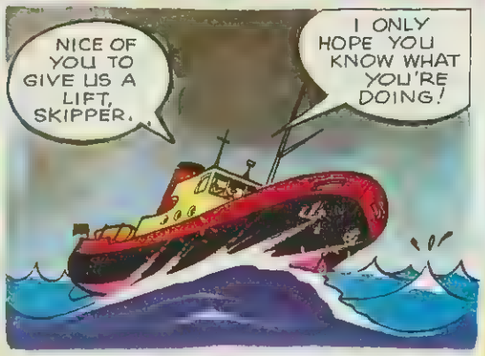
BASIL BRUSH

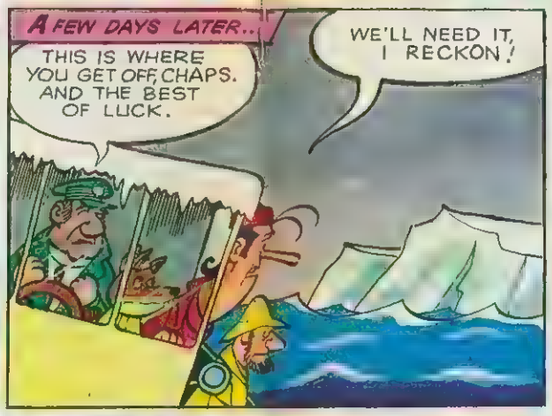

WHY D'YOU WANT ME TO GET THE SKIS OUT, GUV? WE CAN'T AFFORD TO GO TO A WINTER SPORTS RESORT THIS YEAR!
WE DON'T HAVE TO, CHUMMERS. I'VE HAD A BRILLIANT IDEA.
1204



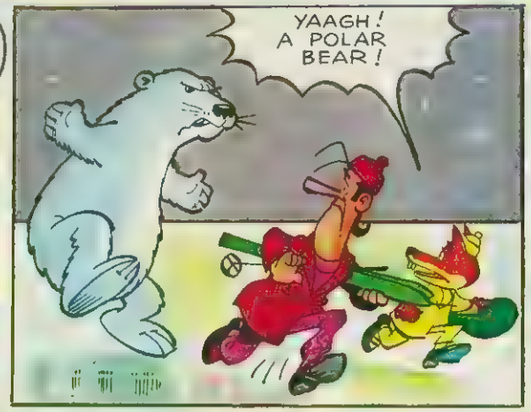

IT'S NOT DAFT AT ALL. WE'LL HITCH A LIFT ON A FISHING BOAT GOING TO THE ARCTIC. THERE'S PLENTY OF SNOW UP THERE.
BUT THERE AREN'T ANY 'OTELS, GUV?

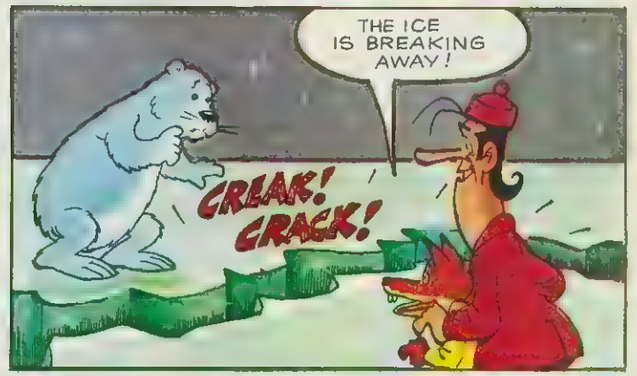


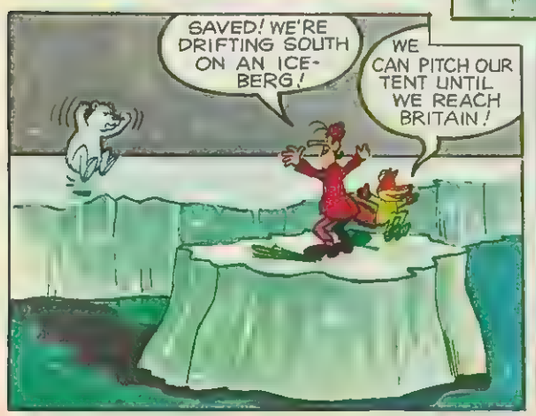


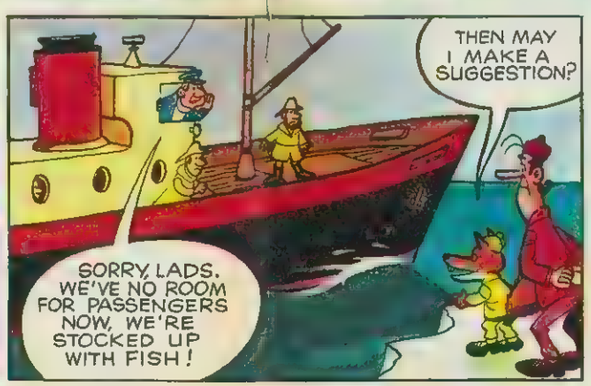


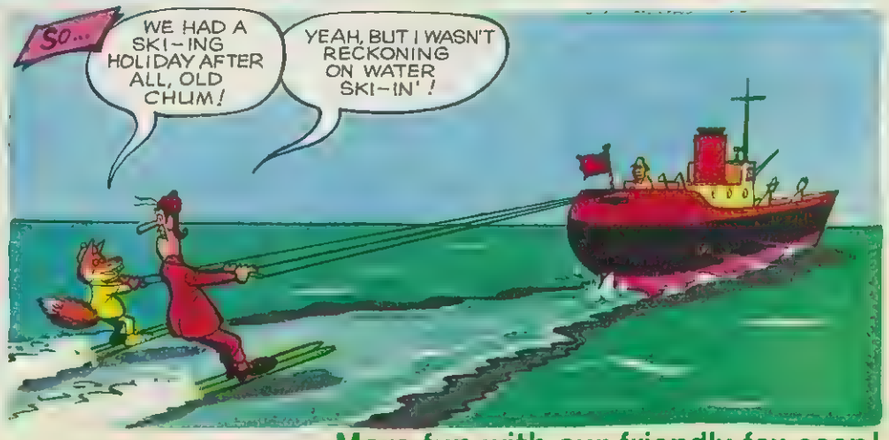
WHAT DID I TELL YOU? LOTS OF SNOW - WE'LL START SKI-ING IN THE MORNING AT SUN-UP.
THERE'S JUST TWO THINGS YOU'VE FORGOTTEN, GUV. FIRSTLY, THE ARCTIC IS A SEA - THERE AIN'T NO MOUNTAINS!







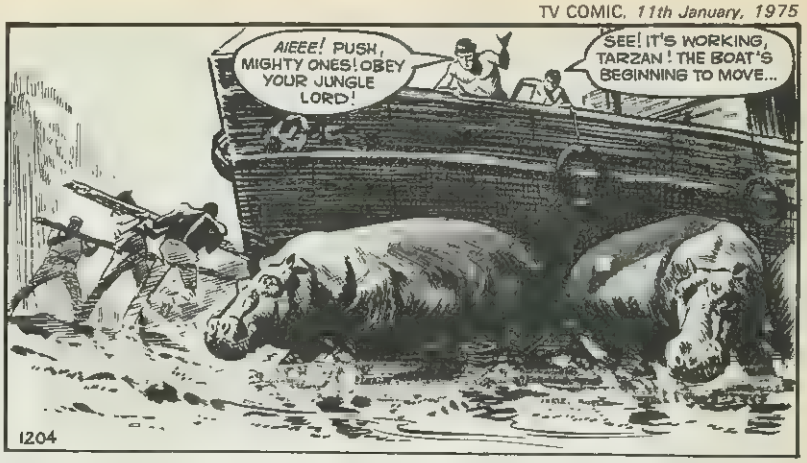




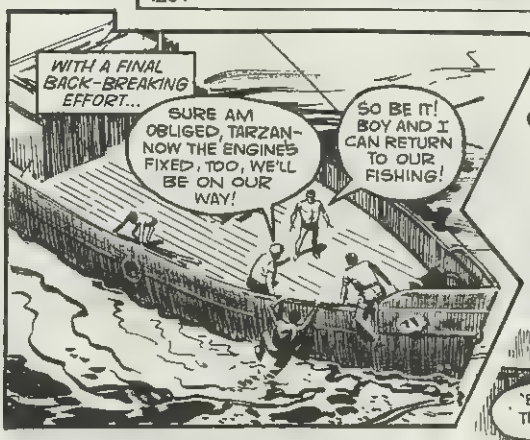
More fun with our friendly fox soon!

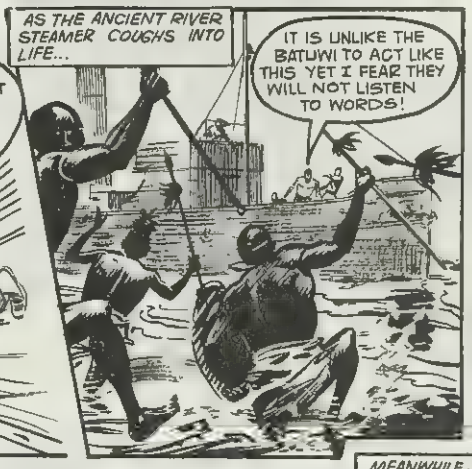
TARZAN

DURING a fishing expedition into Batuwi territory, Tarzan and Boy agree to help the crew of an old tramp steamer that has become stuck on a sand-bank . . .



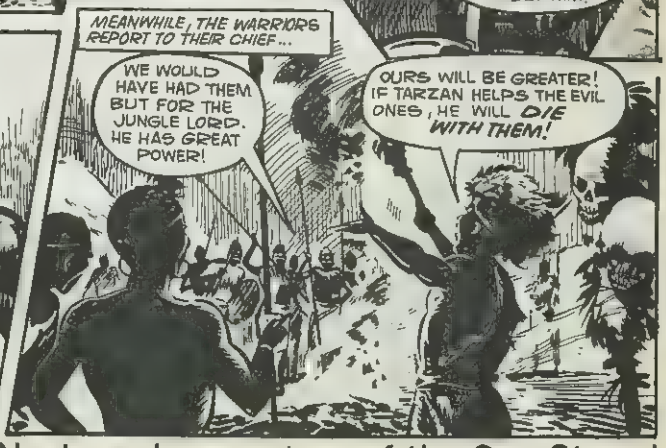
ANOTHER WORRY CAUSES SKIPPER FREDDY SNARK TO ADDRESS HIS PARTNER, FERRET...
IF WE EVER GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE, IT'LL BE THANKS TO THAT JUNGLE HE-MAN AND HIS ANIMAL FRIENDS!
I'LL BE HAPPIER WHEN WE'RE DOWN-RIVER, SNARK! WE'RE SURE CUTTING THINGS FINE!


WITH A FINAL BACK-BREAKING EFFORT...
SURE AM OBLIGED, TARZAN- NOW THE ENGINE'S FIXED, TOO, WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY!
SO BE IT! BOY AND I CAN RETURN TO OUR FISHING!


AS THE ANCIENT RIVER STEAMER COUGHS INTO LIFE...
IT IS UNLIKE THE BATUWI TO ACT LIKE THIS YET I FEAR THEY WILL NOT LISTEN TO WORDS!

ONCE AGAIN, TARZAN ECHOES A STRANGE CRY, AND...
NEAAAGH! COME, REPTILES OF THE RIVER- I NEED YOU!
WAAGH! BACK! BACK!
WE'RE IN WITH A CHANCE AGAIN! IT'S UNCANNY HOW THOSE CREATURES OBEY HIM!

ONCE IN MID-RIVER...
GUESS WE OWE YOU A DOUBLE VOTE OF THANKS, TARZAN! THAT LOT WERE MORE THAN EVEN KANGAR THERE, COULD HAVE HANDLED!
I WILL NOT LEAVE YOU UNTIL I HAVE DISCOVERED WHAT ANGERS THE BATUWI!


MEANWHILE, THE WARRIORS REPORT TO THEIR CHIEF...
WE WOULD HAVE HAD THEM BUT FOR THE JUNGLE LORD. HE HAS GREAT POWER!
OURS WILL BE GREATER! IF TARZAN HELPS THE EVIL ONES, HE WILL DIE WITH THEM!

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Next week: mystery of the Sun-Stone!

DAD'S ARMY
I CAN'T REALLY SEE WHY YOU WANT TO BUILD A BONFIRE HERE, SIR!
YOU'LL SEE, SERGEANT WILSON!
ISN'T THIS FUN? I WONDER IF WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A SING-SONG?
PITY WE DIDN'T BRING SOME CHESTNUTS, TOO, PIKE?
SOON...
PERMISSION TO REPORT BONFIRE IS IGNITED, MR MAINWARING, SAH!
THANK YOU, CORPORAL JONES. PIKE, LOOK AFTER MY COAT – I DON'T WANT TO GET IT SMOKY!
JUST BECAUSE I'M THE YOUNGEST, HE USES ME LIKE A BATMAN!
BUT THEN...
WHERE'S THE BLANKET I ORDERED YOU TO BRING ALONG, WILSON?
I'M AFRAID MRS PIKE REFUSED POINT BLANK, SIR. SHE SAID HER BLANKETS WERE FAR TOO VALUABLE!
THEN WE SHALL HAVE TO IMPROVISE! PIKE, FETCH YOUR COAT...
WHY DOES IT HAVE TO BE MINE? IT'S NOT FAIR!
WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF DUTY, WRETCHED BOY? WE ALL HAVE TO MAKE SACRIFICES FOR THE WAR!
RIGHT, MEN. PAY ATTENTION. THE RED INDIANS WERE PRIMITIVE SAVAGES, BUT THEY ALSO KNEW HOW TO EXIST IN THE WILD!
SO YOU'VE SEEN THE WESTERN ON AT THE PLAZA, MR MAINWARING?
YES, WELL... SPLUTTER!... LOOK WHAT YOU'RE DOING, JONES!
D-DON'T PANIC! I CAN'T SEE A THING... WAHEY!
BLIMEY! LOOKS MORE LIKE A SMOKE-SCREEN TO ME!
SUDDENLY..
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SIR?
SPLUTTER! COUGH!
NEVER MIND HIM, UNCLE ARTHUR! WHAT ABOUT MY COAT?
IT'S RUINED! I'LL TELL MY MUM OF YOU!
I'M WARNING YOU, PIKE! STOP MAKING A FUSS OVER NOTHING!
BUT THEN..
OOER! YOU WERE RIGHT, MR MAINWARING. I WAS BEING SILLY! THIS ISN'T EVEN MY COAT – IT'S YOURS!
GAAHH! YOU STUPID BOY!
Titcombe
ANYONE CAN MAKE A MISTAKE, MR MAINWARING. NOW YOU MUSTN'T MAKE A FUSS OVER NOTHING!
SOMEHOW, I DON'T THINK WE'LL BE PLAYING RED INDIANS AGAIN. NOT WHILE HE'S STILL ON THE WARPATH!

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A test, an arrest and a pest soon!

Have you seen these two GREAT WEEKLIES?

Pippin is the coloured picture weekly for the younger viewer, featuring your favourite television characters — Barnaby, Andy Pandy, Rupert and many others.
Price: 7p

Playland weekly is ideal for young schoolchildren. Its colourful pages feature television favourites . . . Sooty and Sweep, Camberwick Green, Hector's House and many others. There are lots of puzzles, too!
Price: 7p

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STAMP COMPETITION

CAN YOU TELL US?

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2 What country NEVER puts its name on its stamps .....

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The BUGS BUNNY Show
'FREEZING FUN'
MUTTER! MUTTER! WINTERS SHOULD BE STRUCK OFF THE CALENDAR...
...AFTER ALL, DOES ONE SEE CARROTS GROWING IN WINTER? NEVER!
AND IT'S ALL WINTER'S FAULT! EVERYTHING IS SO COLD!
EVEN THAT CHOICEST OF VEGETABLES, THE CARROT, IS FROZEN!
SPECIAL TODAY FROZEN CARROTS
SPECIAL TODAY FROZEN CARROTS
HOWEVER— NEEDS MUST! I SHALL PURCHASE A FEW WITHIN! SIGH!
THERE YOU ARE, SIR! AND BE SURE TO ALLOW SEVERAL HOURS FOR THEM TO THAW OUT!
WH-WHAT?
SEVERAL HOURS? DON'T YOU REALISE THAT THIS RABBIT IS CLOSE TO THE STARVATION LINE?
GASP! GASP! IN A FEW HOURS I COULD BE ON MY LAST LEGS! GASP!
YAWN!
GASP! I MUST SEARCH OUT A GOOD SAMARITAN WITH FRESH CARROTS BEFORE I PASS OUT! GASP!
SOME ACTOR!
FISHMONGER
CRUSHED ICE
HELP! LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU DUMB BUNNY!
WHOOMP!
NYAAAR!
OH, NO!
HURRY, HERB! BETTER DIG OUT THE FOOL RABBIT BEFORE HE FREEZES SOLID!
ER... I THINK BUGSY WILL TAKE THESE FROZEN CARROTS, NOW, SIR!
SHIVER! CH-CHATTER! BRR!
THEY SHOULD NOW BOTH THAW OUT ABOUT THE SAME TIME! HO-HO!
HO-HO!

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The canary gets wary of Sylvester soon!

POPEYE
SPINACH
SOB! SOB!
OLIVE! WHASSA MATTER?
FLORA WAS ENGAGED TO HENRY BUT HE'S CALLED THE WEDDING OFF! SOB!
GOSH! THAT'S A SHAME!
FLORA'S BROTHER, NIGEL, IS IN HOSPITAL WITH A DAMAGED HAND AND THEY DON'T KNOW IF HE'LL EVER BE A CONCERT PIANIST AGAIN!
THAT'S AWFUL!
NIGEL'S WIFE, PENELOPE, WAS ON HER WAY TO THE HOSPITAL WHEN SHE WAS KIDNAPPED. BUT BECAUSE HE CAN'T WORK, NIGEL CAN'T PAY THE RANSOM!
WHAT A TERRIBLE SITUATION!
SAY, HOW COME I DON'T KNOW THESE FRIENDS OF YOURS? I AIN'T EVER HEARD O' FLORA, HENRY, NIGEL OR PENELOPE!
WELL, YOU ALWAYS LEAVE THE ROOM WHEN 'TEARFUL TERRACE' COMES ON!
OH, NO! SHE WAS TALKIN' ABOUT A TV SERIAL!
THE END
HOW ABOUT SOME SUPPER, OLIVE?
HOW CAN YOU THINK OF FOOD AT A TIME LIKE THIS? I WON'T REST UNTIL I KNOW WHAT HAPPENS!
I HOPE THOSE CHARACTERS SORTS THEMSELVES OUT OR I'LL BE EATIN' OUT EVERY NIGHT!
HEY, JOE, HAVE YOU WRITTEN TOMORROW'S EPISODE OF 'TEARFUL TERRACE'?
NEARLY FINISHED.
XYZ TV
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THAT SCRIPT!
FLORA'S FRETTIN' 'COS HENRY'S GONE ABROAD... NIGEL WILL NEVER PLAY THE PIANO AGAIN... PENELOPE AIN'T BEEN FOUND..!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME, BUSTER! I WANT A QUICK RE-WRITE OF THIS SCRIPT JUST AS I TELL YA! NOW GET TYPIN'!
RATINGS
OKAY! OKAY!
NEXT DAY...
OH, POPEYE! HENRY'S GONE BACK TO FLORA, NIGEL WILL SOON BE ABLE TO PLAY THE PIANO AGAIN AND PENELOPE HAS ESCAPED FROM THE KIDNAPPERS!
I KINDA KNEW EVERYTHIN' WOULD TURN OUT ALL RIGHT, OLIVE! ARF! ARF!

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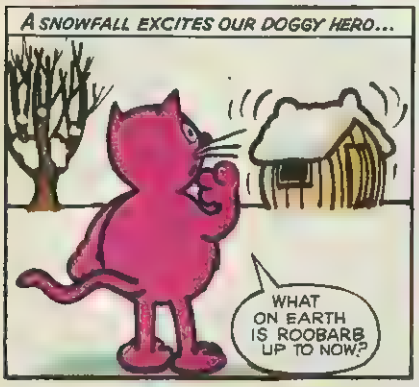
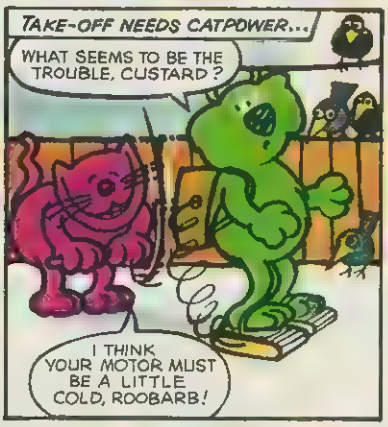
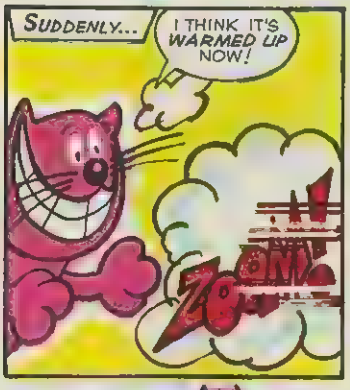
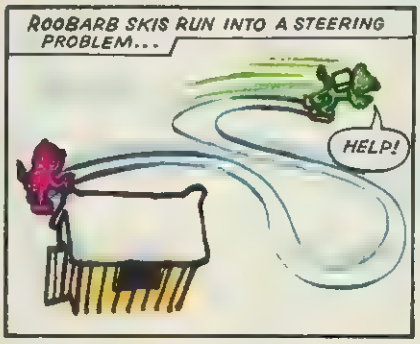
Swee'pea's too scared for words next week!

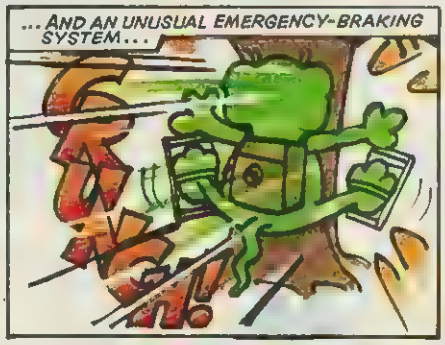
THE WORLD'S FUNNIEST DOG-and CUSTARD the CAT Roobarb

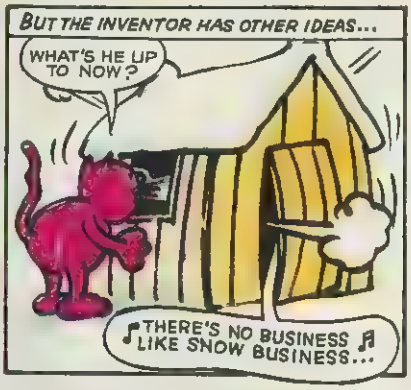


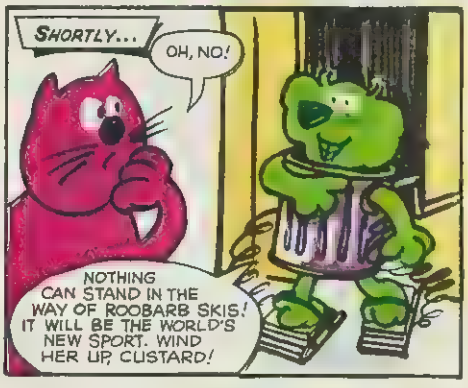


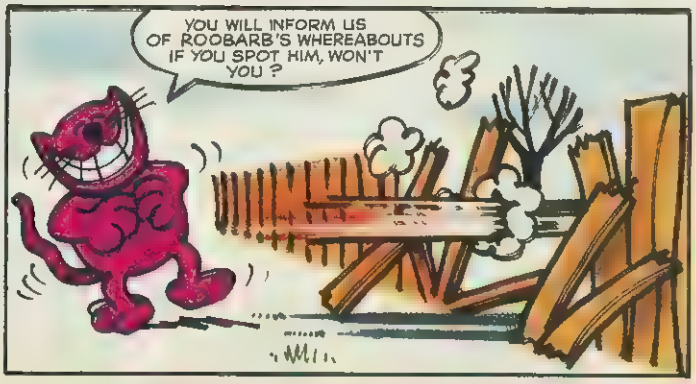












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Roobarb rides again next week!

Readers' Jokes! *

£1 FOR EACH JOKE PRINTED. SEND YOUR ENTRY TO: THE EDITOR, TV COMIC, POLLY PERKINS HOUSE, 382-386 EDGWARE ROAD, LONDON W 2. 1EP.

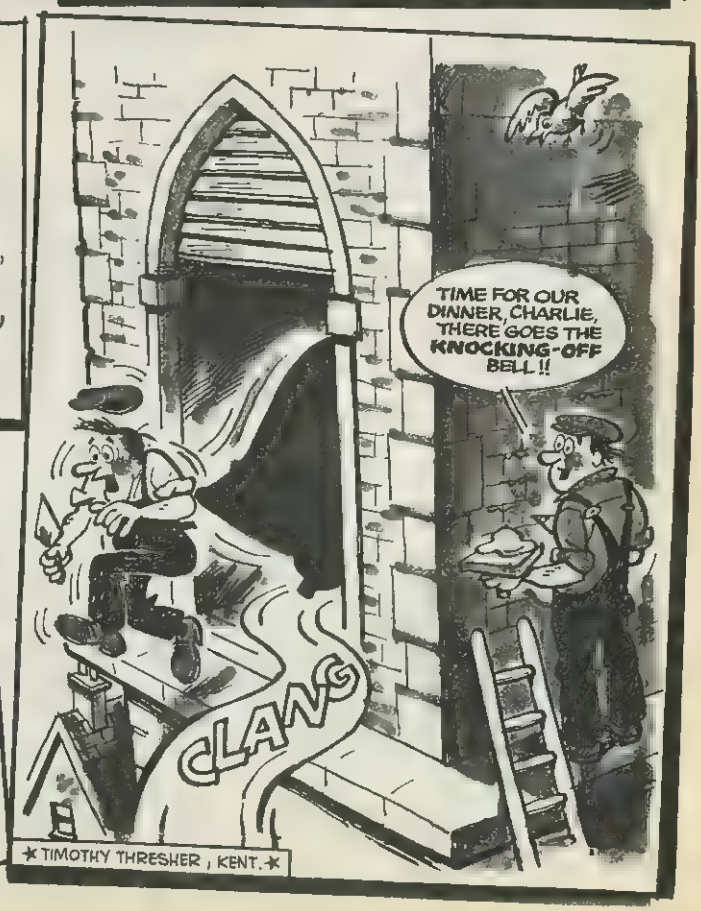
PRESCRIPTIONS
THAT PRESCRIPTION THE DOCTOR GAVE ME TO CURE MY SLEEP-WALKING HABIT - CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT IT IS?
TACKS
SOAP
TIN TACKS, MADAM, TO BE SPREAD ON THE BEDROOM FLOOR NIGHTLY!
★RACHEL HILL, CHESHIRE.★

I TIED THIS STRING ON MY FINGER TO REMIND ME TO POST MY MUMS' LETTER.
-AND DID YOU REMEMBER TO POST IT?
NO! SHE FORGOT TO GIVE ME THE LETTER!
★CAROL HAMMOND, KENT.★

★EMMA DIXON, BUCKS★

★DAVID MARSHAL, LANCASHIRE.★

★MARIA GARRATH, FLINTSHIRE.★



★TIMOTHY THRESHER, KENT.★

Laurel & Hardy

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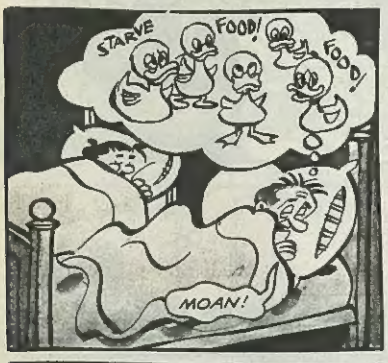

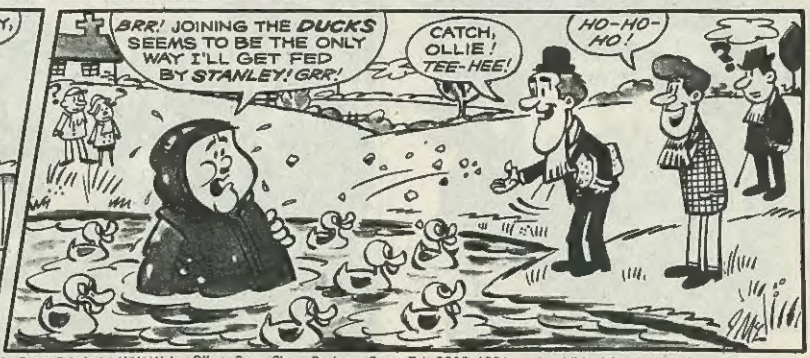

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Dr WHO

The changing face of Doctor Who!

YOU WILL REMEMBER HOW IN THE DOCTOR'S LAST TV ADVENTURE HE FACED HIS FEAR AND TOOK THE CRYSTAL TO THE CAVE OF 'THE GREAT ONE', KNOWING THAT IT COULD MEAN CERTAIN DEATH TO HIS CURRENT SELF. AND SO, WHEN THE QUEEN SPIDER ACCEPTED THE CRYSTAL OF UNIQUE POWER TO COMPLETE THE CIRCUIT OF HER PERFECT BRAIN, THE DOCTOR SOMEHOW MANAGED TO GET CLEAR AND BACK TO THE TARDIS BEFORE MOUNT METEBELIS EXPLODED, ENDING THE DOMINATION OF THE 'EIGHT LEGS'.

BACK ON EARTH SARAH-JANE SMITH AND THE BRIGADIER AWAITED THE RETURN OF THEIR FRIEND, FULLY EXPECTING THE WORST, UNTIL THAT MOMENT WHEN THE TARDIS MATERIALISED AND THE DOCTOR STAGGERED OUT. HARDLY ABLE TO SPEAK, HE COLLAPSED AND SEEMED TO BE DEAD UNTIL THE ARRIVAL OF THE TIBETAN ABBOT K'ANPO RIMPOCHE. THE ABBOT CONFESSED THAT HE ALSO WAS A TIME LORD AND ABLE TO HELP REGENERATE THE DOCTOR'S BODY, WHICH IS HOW WE NOW HAVE TO BECOME USED TO A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT FACE ONCE AGAIN. THE FACE OF THE ***NEW DOCTOR!***

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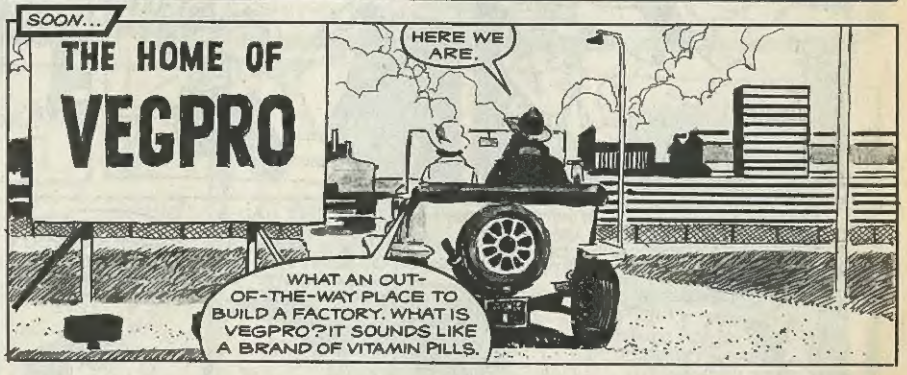
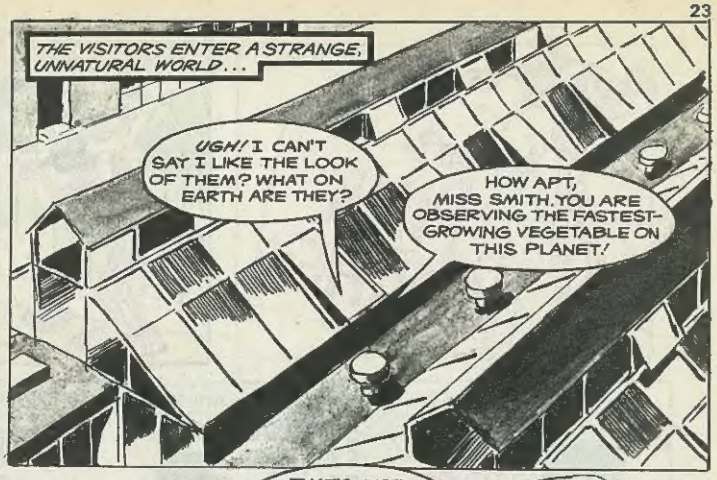
ONE CRISP, JANUARY MORNING OF THE NEW YEAR FINDS SARAH-JANE SMITH AND THE DOCTOR SPINNING THROUGH THE DORSET COUNTRYSIDE...
I STILL HAVEN'T GOT USED TO YOUR NEW FACE, DOCTOR.
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE, SARAH-JANE. I HAVE A SIMILAR PROBLEM WHEN I SHAVE EACH DAY.'

WHY WON'T YOU TELL ME WHERE WE ARE GOING?
BECAUSE YOU WILL PLY ME WITH A MILLION IMPOSSIBLE QUESTIONS THAT I CAN'T, AS YET, ANSWER.


SOON...
THE HOME OF VEGPRO
HERE WE ARE.
WHAT AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACE TO BUILD A FACTORY. WHAT IS VEGPRO? IT SOUNDS LIKE A BRAND OF VITAMIN PILLS.

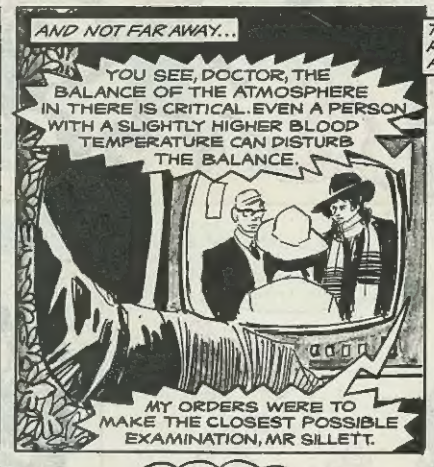
AND MINUTES LATER...
GOOD TO SEE YOU, DOCTOR, MISS SMITH. SO THE MINISTRY HAVE SENT YOU DOWN TO REPORT ON OUR LITTLE ESTABLISHMENT.
THAT'S IT, MR SILLETT. CERTAIN QUESTIONS SEEM TO HAVE BEEN LEFT UNANSWERED.
I WISH I KNEW WHAT THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT.

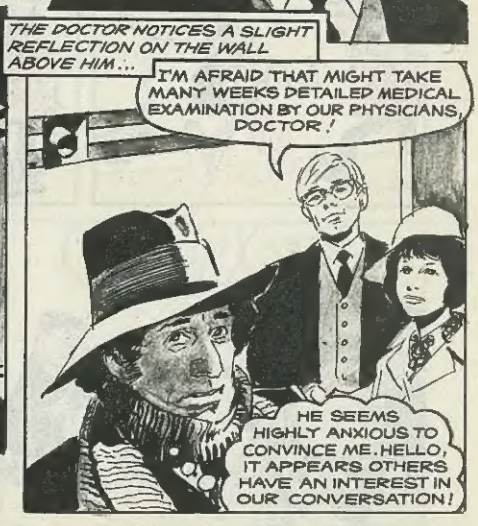

THE VISITORS ENTER A STRANGE, UNNATURAL WORLD...
UGH! I CAN'T SAY I LIKE THE LOOK OF THEM? WHAT ON EARTH ARE THEY?
HOW APT, MISS SMITH. YOU ARE OBSERVING THE FASTEST-GROWING VEGETABLE ON THIS PLANET!

WITHIN HOURS OF SOWING THEY ARE READY TO HARVEST. THE DRIED MEAL OFFERS DOUBLE THE NUTRITIONAL VALUE OF ANY KNOWN PLANT.
AND WHERE DID YOU FIND THIS MIRACLE PLANT, MR SILLETT?

THAT'S JUST IT, MISS SMITH. IT ISN'T A NATURAL PLANT. IT WAS DEVELOPED BY PROFESSOR SARRIC FROM CHEMICALS AND AMINO ACIDS. IN EFFECT, A MAN-MADE VEGETABLE!

ALL VERY INTERESTING, MR SILLETT, HOW ABOUT US TAKING A CLOSER LOOK AT THIS AMAZING PLANT?
NOW I WONDER WHY IT'S LOCKED?
I'M AFRAID THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE, DOCTOR!


AND NOT FAR AWAY...
YOU SEE, DOCTOR, THE BALANCE OF THE ATMOSPHERE IN THERE IS CRITICAL. EVEN A PERSON WITH A SLIGHTLY HIGHER BLOOD TEMPERATURE CAN DISTURB THE BALANCE.
MY ORDERS WERE TO MAKE THE CLOSEST POSSIBLE EXAMINATION, MR SILLETT.


THE DOCTOR NOTICES A SLIGHT REFLECTION ON THE WALL ABOVE HIM...
I'M AFRAID THAT MIGHT TAKE MANY WEEKS DETAILED MEDICAL EXAMINATION BY OUR PHYSICIANS, DOCTOR!
HE SEEMS HIGHLY ANXIOUS TO CONVINCE ME. HELLO, IT APPEARS OTHERS HAVE AN INTEREST IN OUR CONVERSATION!

BUT IF YOU FOLLOW ME, I WILL SHOW YOU HOW THE SARRICOIDS ARE PROCESSED INTO A RICH MEAL.
SARRICOIDS?! THEY SOUND AS CREEPY AS THEY LOOK!
FOR ONCE I HAVE TO AGREE WITH SARAH-JANE'S SO-CALLED FEMININE INTUITION!

AND NOT LONG AFTER...
YOU DID WELL, SIMON.
THANK YOU, PROFESSOR. THERE WERE ONE OR TWO TOUCHY MOMENTS, BUT I THINK THEY WENT AWAY HAPPY!

Next week: mark of mystery!

PINK PANTHER
TIMES ARE HARD. I'M REDUCED TO BUSKING IN THE STREET TO PAY MY BILLS!
RIGHT, MOVE ALONG THERE, MOVE ALONG — NO BUSKING ALLOWED!
THIS LOOKS A GOOD SPOT. I'LL TRY HERE.
LUNA STREET
OI, MATE, THIS IS MY PITCH!
I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T REALISE...
OKAY, YOU TWO, MOVE ALONG!
THIS LOOKS A LIKELY PLACE. LET'S PLAY TOGETHER!
OI! YOU CAN'T PLAY HERE! IT'S MINE!
NO IT'S NOT, IT'S MINE!
NONE OF US CAN USE IT!
I WON'T TELL YOU AGAIN! MOVE ALONG!
THIS IS A QUIET STREET!
YOU CAN'T PLAY HERE! THIS IS MY PITCH!
LOOK, CHAPS, LET'S ALL STICK TOGETHER AND SHARE ALL THE TAKINGS!
BUT...
HERE COMES THAT POLICEMAN - AGAIN!
ALL RIGHT, OFFICER. WE'RE GOING!
I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO MOVE ON! I LIKE THE SOUND OF YOUR BAND AND I'D LIKE TO BOOK YOU FOR THE POLICE BALL TONIGHT.
IT'S WARMER THAN PLAYING IN THE STREETS!
AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO PUT A HAT DOWN FOR YOUR MONEY!
PINK PANTHER AND BUSKERS!

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Panther tries pedal-power soon!